

THE LAST TWENTY-ONE DAYS
OF THE
CONVICT DANIEL MANN

SENTENCED TO DEATH

*On the 10th of November, 1870,
Executed on the 14th of Dec. following.*

Being a simple Narrative of the Author's interviews with him.

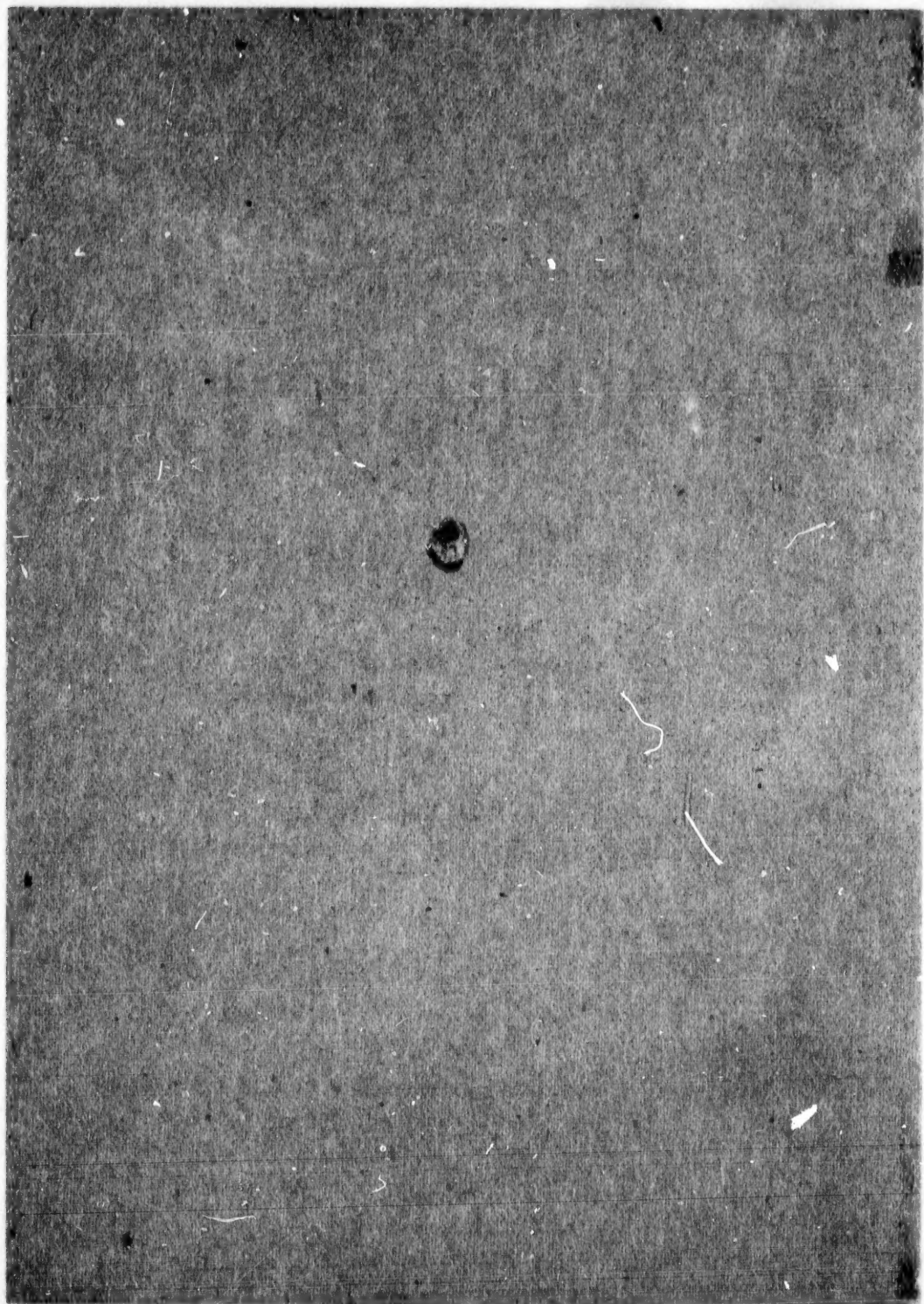
Paul J. Loizeaux.

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OF

DANIEL MANN.

I CALLED on him for the first time on Friday the 18th of November. He appeared very cheerful, but his ways soon convinced me he was doing all in his power to excite himself into happy feelings to drown the thought of his impending execution.

Upon testing him a little as to the *ground* of the hope he expressed concerning the life to come, I soon found it to be his thorough repentance, his comparative freedom from evil desires, his great love to God, &c. He thought surely he had made his peace with God since he had so many good things to show.

His *lips* talked about Jesus and His love very nicely. He repeated some of God's precious promises, but evidently his *heart* was so intensely occupied with self, that he could grasp no meaning in those promises.

His earnest face, however, and the thoughtful attention he paid to what I said to him, attracted me at once. I remembered how, four years before, I was in the same

state—occupied with my humility, my repentance, my faith, my love—and while putting on a cheerful face to make myself believe I possessed that happiness which I had often heard belonged to a man at peace with God, what bitterness and anguish lay in the depth of my soul. I remembered the day when, at the climax of misery, some one had pointed me to the third chapter of Romans, how it had opened Heaven to me—the unutterable deliverance it put me into—and I burned to have him get in the same place.

I told him nothing *he* could do could save him; neither his repentance, nor his love, nor looking to the work of the Spirit in him, could give him peace with God. “You are lost,” I said: “you are dead in trespasses and sins—*condemned already*—and you might as well think that weeping and promising to do better could put away the sentence pronounced against you the other day as to think your repentance, or your promises, or *anything* from *you*, can move the curse of God’s eternal law which now hangs over you, as well as over every soul of man who is not saved.”

I told him the *only* thing which could meet a “lost” man’s need was *salvation*—a “dead” man needed *life*, and a “condemned” man needed *mercy*.

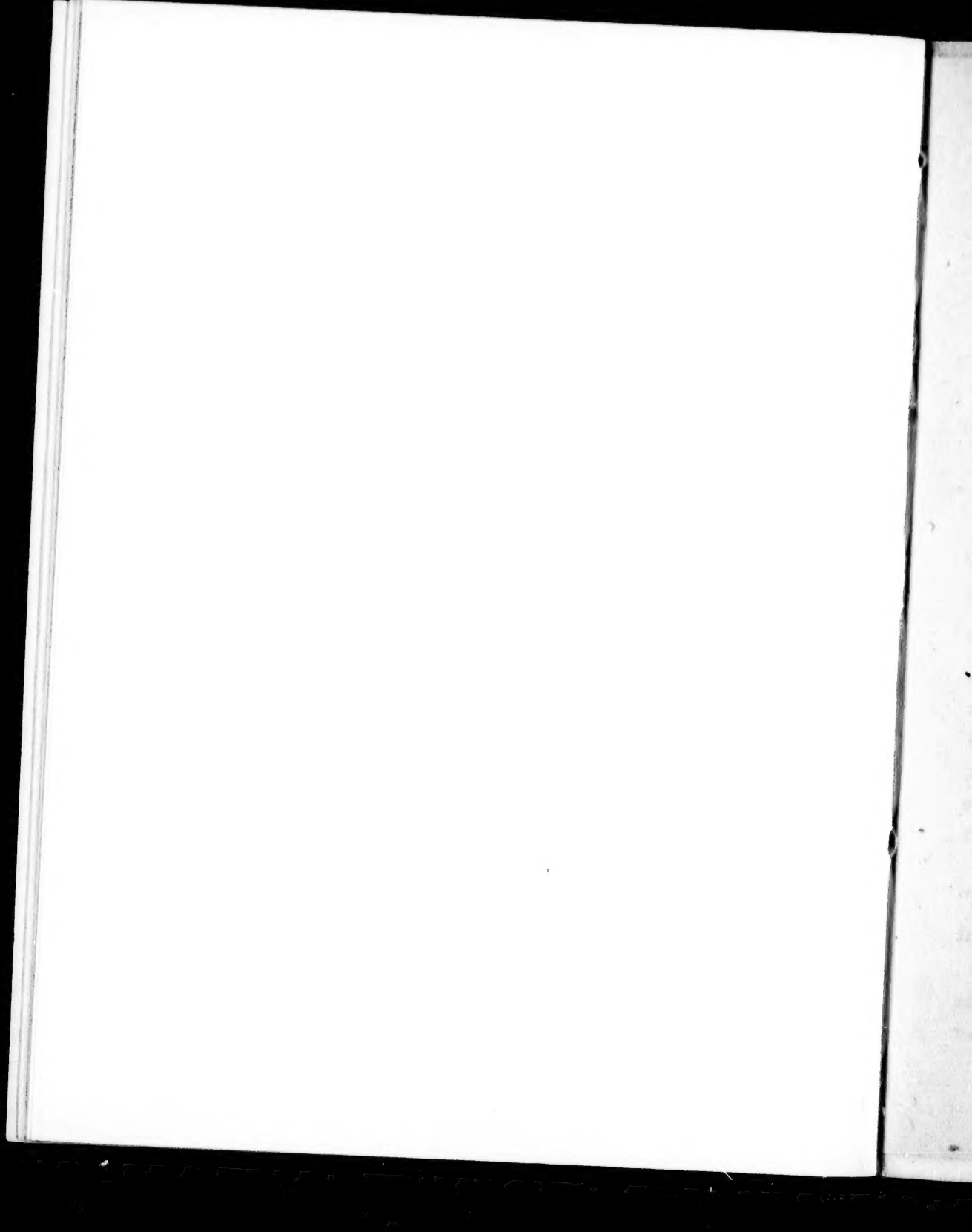
I declared to him he was grievously mistaken if he thought *he had made his peace with God*. *He* could never

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do that. "What, then, must I do?" said he, in a half-stunned way. "Read there," said I, and my finger pointed to Colossians i. 20: "*And having made peace through the blood of His cross . . .*" I pointed again to Galatians iii. 13, and said, "read again here!" "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us . . ."

I then besought him to read, thoughtfully and prayerfully, the third, fourth, and fifth chapters of Romans, and commending him to the Lord, who alone, I knew, could open his blinded eyes, I left him in his lonely cell.

I did not call again until the following Tuesday, Nov. 22d. The Turnkey at the entrance-door told me one of the criminals was anxious to see me since morning. Without asking which of the two, I called first on the one occupying the cell nearest the entrance-door, but found him much as before—more occupied with the actual consequences of his crime than with his *lost condition* before God—ready enough to pray and engage in devotional exercises; but completely blind as to the *ground* of salvation.

I left him much downcast in my spirit—full of that dejection which often makes me long to be with Christ when I have set forth a *finished salvation* before sinners, and they answer me, *I'll try to do better*; and I had well nigh forgotten the Turnkey's announcement, when Daniel Mann's cell being opened to me I was soon reminded of it.

Scarcely had I taken my seat on the wooden bench beside him when he said to me: "I longed to see you."

"What for?" said I.

"Since daylight this morning," said he, "I hav'nt been able to *pray*; I can only find time and room for *praise*."

"How is that?" said I—"what makes you so happy?"

"You remember," said he, "your visit to me last Friday, and the three chapters you told me to read in Romans? Well, after pondering a good deal on what you had told me, and which sounded so differently from any thing I had ever heard, I read them over and over again, but I seemed to get more and more miserable. All day Sunday, and all day yesterday, were dark and gloomy. I felt as if I must surely perish. Last night I could not close my eyes a single moment, but I lay on my couch in misery. Oh! what misery! Suddenly, while in my despair, my mind was arrested by a part of the fifth of Romans—these verses: 'For when we were yet without strength in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' O, dear, *dear* sir, need I tell you the effect? I jumped to my feet. I praised God outright. I felt like a man who is already in heaven. I saw why Jesus was on the cross crying out 'My God, my God, why hast thou

forsaken me?' I understood what is meant by 'It is finished.' I saw God's love to me, and I praised and praised and praised again. I saw my salvation was not out of any thing from me, but out of Christ's finished work; so I cried out, 'O glorious thing! I am as sure of my salvation now as I am sure Christ's work is finished: yea, *was* finished over 1800 years ago. I have it, I have it, for *I believe*."

As he spoke his earnest face, wet with tears, looked to me like the face of an angel. Tears rolled down my face too. I took his neck in my arms, and could but exclaim: "My brother, my dearest brother! we shall sing together throughout Eternity the value of the blood of Jesus."

Again he said: "How blind I have been. I never saw till this morning. Till then my eyes were altogether turned *inwardly*—looking within to see something that God could be pleased with; but since this morning early my eyes are turned *outwardly* to that which *has been done for me*. Till this morning I always thought what I had heard many say, that Christ had done His part, and we must do ours to be saved. What my part was, however, I never could get any one to tell me with *certainty*, and still less could I get my soul to tell me. I had the Bible, but I didn't know where to begin. I was told I must repent, and earnestly and prayerfully I went at it, but never had the certainty I had fully satisfied God. I was told by many to be very earnest in prayer, and I agonized with

God until I could but cry out: Lord, if I *must* go to hell, I'll go there praying. I tried every way, but there was no light. Sometimes I tried to make myself believe I was harder to please than God, and comforted myself with the thought, that when I got there I would find Him much less severe than I thought; but, after all, all was darkness, and the chance of hell for the world to come was't very frightful to me compared with this world. Before my trial I prayed many a time that I might be hanged, but not brought back to the Penitentiary. But this morning, as I saw my salvation all *finished*—yes, *finished by the Lord Jesus*—as I saw I was justified freely by God's grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, an indescribable peace took hold of me—all was bright. I saw at once I now had the key to the Scriptures—the Key of Heaven itself. The face of God was now visible to me—I could see Him smiling on me, and I shouted to the top of my voice: *This is the true light that cometh from Heaven!*

“Ah! talk to me now about *my doing my part*, and I can answer: I've been doing that since my mother's womb, and here is the sad end of it!”

Here I felt in my heart the pang which crossed his own, and I said: “Yes, you've faithfully finished the work the devil gave you to do; but hear the word in John xvii. 4: ‘I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do.’ Who said that?”

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What work was that which the Father gave Him to do, and which He, in anticipation, says He has finished?"

The pang was gone. His dear face beamed again. The word *finished* was enough to soothe all his sorrows now. It made him laugh with delight every time it was pronounced. We knelt and praised God together for a long while, and I left that happiest of all places on earth—a converted criminal's cell.

On Friday, November 25th, I called again, but finding there was a visitor with him, I told the Turnkey I would return the next day.

Upon turning the next day, I found him anxiously expecting me. The Turnkey had told him I was coming, and he said he knew he would have another feast.

"What do you mean," said I, "by another feast? Are you so fond of visitors that my coming should be a feast to you?"

"O, no sir," he replied: "of course I love you very much. I can't help that, for you are the one whom God has used to show me the way—*His* way of saving sinners. It is *what you point me to* that makes the feast. You know when a man is as near his end as I am he can't be expected to take much comfort from any thing but what *God* has said. That is the very thing which first drew me to you: you never said any thing, or answered any thing, without referring me at once to *Scripture*."

"I feel exceedingly happy," I said, "when I see a man whose confidence lies alone in what the Word of God teaches; for I know this is not the work of Nature. Jesus says: 'My *sheep* hear *my* voice,' and His voice, dearest soul, being heard *only* in the Scriptures, it is no wonder you care for nothing but that. When you see a man satisfied with more or less than God's Word, you may be sure he is none of His sheep. Would to God I could get the whole City of Kingston—if it were only those who profess, even—to try their *foundation* and their *walk* by the Word of God. But, alas! when they find their position untenable in the light of Scripture, many flee behind the ramparts of their creeds or opinions, and think themselves safe there."

"That is very sad," he said. "Oh! how I wish they would all with one accord turn to the Word alone. I will not cease to pray for this now as long as I am here. . . . But tell me, why didn't I see the truth sooner? for I had been in the same distressed state of mind nearly since I was retaken in July. I remember one night the sight of my sins became such that I cared neither for my narrow cell nor for the punishment I expected in this world. Appearing before God in such a condition terrified me, so that I lay all night curled up on the floor crying out: 'O, God, I am surely doomed—there can be no hope for such a wretch as I!' It was the first time in my life I knew

what conviction of sin is. I had already before wished much to be a Christian, and, to attain my wish, had endeavored to lead a better life. For quite a while in the Penitentiary I stopped stealing altogether, and refused to join in the wickedness of my fellows, until, overcome again, I made up my mind it was of no use trying to be a Christian in such a place: but now it was no more trying or wanting to reform—it was a burning within—a tossing up and down—an unaccountable anguish, which made me think of hell—a place where a man craves for death and can't get it. Well, I was regularly visited, and portions of Scripture read to me, but to no avail whatever. Looking to the *clergymen* for help—as I supposed them endowed with special power—I often felt bitter against them, not getting the relief I expected from them, and which I thought they had it in their power to give me.* I have no doubt now the fault was mostly mine; but, tell me, why didn't I see the Truth sooner?"

"First of all," I answered, "God's time is the best time. Had you found 'peace in believing' *before* your trial, it would have been very different from what it was. You

* Is there not an awful responsibility resting on that body called the *clergy*, which has assumed a place of Priesthood, thereby leading precious souls to look to *them* for *help*? Did the ministry of the Gospel keep its place of *servitude*, souls would not have the excuse they now have,

would not have pleaded 'not guilty,' which was a lie: you would not have needed lawyers to talk for you and color things; but you would frankly, openly, and truthfully have stated things as they were. The truth thus spoken has great effect on men's hearts. They might have seen your real intention was to disable the guard—not to kill him—so as to effect your escape. You might have been sent back to the Penitentiary for life, whilst God can glorify Himself most in this way. And remember, now that—since you *believe*—the question of your salvation is eternally settled, God expects you to have *ONLY His glory at heart*. See 2 Cor. v. 15: 'And that He died for all, that *they which live* should not henceforth live unto themselves, but *unto Him* which died for them, and rose again.'

"Secondly, how can a man tell another the way to a certain place?" I asked him.

"Of course, he must know it himself," he said.

"Truly," I answered, "and before a man can preach *Christ* he must *know* Christ—*have* Christ. Mark, I do not say before he can *preach*, but before he can preach *Christ*. A man may preach all his life, and preach with such eloquence that not an eye could be dry, and yet not preach *Christ*. A well-informed mind, a sentimental imagination, and a good flow of language, is all a man needs to make a popular preacher; but to preach *Christ* a man must be converted—he must be born again. You could preach Christ

now : you've passed through God's school. The first class was that night when you curled up on the floor of your cell. You were in the second when I found you—that is, trying to repent, and to pray, and sing yourself to Heaven—doing like the woman who had an issue of blood, and tried all sorts of physicians without growing any better, 'but rather grew worse.' You passed through the third last Tuesday morning, and you're a graduate. The 'best robe' covers you. With the touch of faith you touched the hem of His garment, and then and there you were, like her, '*immediately healed.*' Could'nt you tell others now the way to be saved?"

"Why, sir, that's all I can talk about to the Turnkey, and to poor dear Deacon, when we get together for change of cells. I can't think about any thing else now, and though some may look upon it as presumption, from the abundance of my heart my mouth must speak."

"There is also another thing I must tell you, to answer your question fully: Dear, earnest souls, really converted men may be very zealous in advising and trying to teach others without helping them at all, and the reason is this: They have never learned to make the difference which God's Word makes concerning the relative position of *believers* and *unbelievers*; therefore they will apply to a believer what belongs to an unbeliever, and *vice versa*—so that confusion must ever prevail in the advised person's

mind. God's Word calls believers 'Saints,' and all the rest 'Sinners.' *Sinners* are described in 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10: 'Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the Kingdom of God? Be not deceived—neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the Kingdom of God.' *Saints* are described in the next verse: 'And such were some of you—but ye ARE washed, but ye ARE sanctified, but ye ARE justified *in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.*' God's Word speaks to these as to men who *are* saved; to those as to men who *are* lost; and unless that distinction is strictly adhered to the state of things is seen which is mentioned in Ezekiel xiii. 22: '... with lies ye have made *the heart of the righteous sad*, whom I have not made sad; and *strengthened the hands of the wicked*, that he should not return from his wicked way, by promising him life.' "

A flood of light was pouring in the precious soul.

"Then," said he, "I can confidently take my place among God's children now, for *I do believe*, and the Spirit of God bears witness with my own spirit that I am a child of God. I *know* I have eternal life. It is the gift of God through Jesus Christ, and I have it by faith."

"Yes," I said; "having seen, by faith, the 'eternal redemption which Christ has obtained for us' (Heb. ix. 12);

having seen, by faith, that He has, '*by himself* purged our sins' (Heb. i. 3), you may be as sure of your salvation as if you were already in Heaven. God's *Word* is as good as His *deed*. 'You are *complete* in Him,' is His declaration, in Col. ii. 10, to every believer: only your assurance now must be by *faith*, whilst in Heaven it will be by *sight*."

He said he had been in trouble in reading the third of 1 Corinthians. He could not comprehend about the works of a man being burned and himself saved as by fire, but now he saw through it: The man who was on the foundation was a *saved* man, and if he worked for God he would receive a reward for his faithfulness; but if he didn't work for God, he would get no reward, but only be saved as a man out of a fire—just with his life.

"Ah!" he said, "wouldn't it be sweet, if life were mine again, to live for God now in every thing!"

I felt glad to see he had grasped the difference between the eternal security of every *true believer* and his daily responsibility, *as a believer*, to God. Knowing that his salvation is secure through Christ's finished work—that there is no more condemnation for him—the believer is apt to stumble at such a passage as 2 Cor. v. 10, unless he have learned about his responsibility for his *works*, for which he will have to appear in judgment. As soon as he sees that it is no more the question of his *salvation* which is to be raised, but that of his *works*, from the time of his conver-

sion, his soul abides in perfect peace in the assurance of salvation, whilst his conscience finds no satisfaction until he forsakes every thing which is displeasing to the Lord, and walks in every thing, as far as he knows, which is to His glory.

This result I at once perceived in Daniel Mann, by his peaceful expression: "Ah! would'nt it be sweet, if life were mine again, to live for God now in every thing!"

"Would you like to have life given to you again?" I said.

"I really could not choose," said he. "The only thing that could now bind me to earth is what I have just said, but on the other hand I have often wished since you were here last that I might not have so long to wait till I see Jesus face to face. The evening and night after your visit I was especially happy. I had caught new views of the face of God and I felt so happy that I wished they might have allowed me to go to the scaffold then."

On Lord's-day, Nov. 27th, he pressed the Turnkey to go to the preaching of the Gospel at the City Hall, saying that if he were free that was where he would go. The Turnkey said he would go if he could, but something preventing him, he did not go in the afternoon. When time for evening meeting came he pressed him again. So he came, and as he walked home with me after meeting, he said nothing was more affecting than to see Daniel Mann preach-

ing to his fellow criminal in the morning. "If anybody can do Deacon any good" he said, "it's Mann; he talks like a man who knows what he is about and where to put confidence, and he preaches to me also in such a way that it stirs me all up."

I heard afterward that on one occasion the Turnkey had spoken to the effect that he was not as great a sinner as some others, upon which Mann answered, "He that believeth not is *condemned already*."

On Monday, Nov. 28, I found him—to use his own words—"resting in the finished work of my Lord." He was exceedingly occupied with Ephesians ii. 3, especially the last clause: "and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others."

"I see plainly," he said, "that without one single crime I was lost. *By nature* a child of wrath, unfit by my very *natural* condition to dwell with God, and surely if on account of my very *nature* I was lost, what was I with all my sins and my crimes! But O, the *blood*, the *blood of Jesus*, it cleanseth from all sin! I see now what that means in Romans iii: "There is *no difference*." I see the whole world is lost, the most moral as the most immoral, all alike lost, and no better off than I am before God, unless they too rest in *the finished work of Christ*. Oh! I am afraid there are thousands who pity me this day while they are really objects of my deep pity, for I fear they think

that they are not as needy of Christ as I am, not having run to such excesses."

After a good while of sweet fellowship together, during which I could see the wonderful progress he was making in the knowledge of Christ, he said, hesitatingly: "I beg your pardon for taking such freedom, but please tell me how you live, since you belong to no sect. There was a good deal of talk among the men at the Penitentiary about you and those who came before you in the same way, and some said you were all the sons of noblemen, or very wealthy men, who provided you with all you needed, so that you did not need to put yourselves in the hands of a society."

"We are all the sons of the King of kings and the servants of the Lord of lords," I said, "and He is not to us a God afar off, but a *Father* who knows we have need of food and clothing for our bodies as we had need of salvation for our souls. If we served a society, we would rely on that society's pledge to provide us with our need, and surely God's pledge to provide them that serve *Him* is no less trustworthy. Surely no society has ever yet counted the hairs of one of its laborers, but our Father has counted every one of ours, and *proves* it to us by His care of the sparrows and the lilies.

"Have the sparrows and the lilies any care? Do they lay up for the future? Do they make provision for the flesh?

Well, it is the blessed privilege of every man who *knows* he is serving *the Lord* to be as free from care as they are, and to go about everywhere in the full assurance that they who preach the Gospel shall live of the Gospel!

On this ground they who have wealth of their own refuse to receive any thing, and they who have nothing simply trust God, as the husbandman trusts God for rain when he sows his seed. God moves the heart of whom He will to give us what we need; and if, at times, we are short, and the cold wind blows through our worn clothes, we wait patiently on Him, knowing a Father never tries a dear child without a purpose. Thus I can thank my Father for these shoes I have on, for my coat, for every article I wear and every piece of bread I and my family eat. Oh! I assure you, giving God thanks every time we set down to eat, is no vain form in such a life as this."

"My purpose is served," said he; "the reason why I made bold to ask you this question is, that I have seen lately, in reading the Scriptures, how the promises for the life which now is abound among those for the life which is to come, and it struck me as being only *consistent* in a man who believes the former to believe also the latter."

"Exactly so," I said; "therefore I affirm that a man who cannot thus trust God implicitly has no business to pretend to serve *Him*; he should go to work with his own hands for his bread. Want of faith in God, is what necessitates

all the existing machinery for getting money, and what builds up sects; for before a sect will support a man he must pledge himself to build *it* up exclusively, while the man who trusts God can, without fear, go from the east to the west, from the north to the south, among friends or strangers, building up the Body of Christ—the Church of the Living God !”

“Of a truth that is serving God and *enjoying* God,” said he, as delight fairly flashed from his eyes. “You are already, in this life, in the suburbs of the City of God. If life were mine again, would’nt it be sweet to spend it in that way !”

“You would find it unspeakably sweet to the spirit,” I replied, “but often very bitter to the flesh. A man, to follow Christ, must renounce *himself*; and the flesh loves self amazingly.”

On Tuesday, December 1st, as I came in his cell, he said he was just thinking of me—wishing I might come. The sweet calm of his face was the same, but his heart often swelled unaccountably, as if it would burst.

“Does Satan assail you with doubts ?” I asked.

“O, no,” he replied; “I have not had a shadow of doubt since I saw the finished work of Christ. I know that is as well finished as mine. I know my redemption is as sure and everlasting, *by His work*, as my damnation was sure and everlasting by my work. The fruit of my work was

death to Him, but the fruit of His is life—Eternal Life—to me, thanks be to God for evermore! How can I ever sink, resting upon such a rock? But, I suppose, my sorrow is the harvest one must inevitably reap from what he has sown. To die is gain—great gain to me now—but I cannot sing like Paul and Silas: They were reaping the fruit of faithful service to God, whilst I am reaping the fruit of faithful service to the devil.”

He asked me some explanation on the seventh chapter of Romans, which he had been reading.

I told him that, from the 5th verse, it was the experience of a man who, having *forgiveness of sins* through faith in the blood of Jesus, is learning what *sin* is. “Such is man,” I said: “He struggles mightily to make compensation to God for the sins he has done, until, finding no peace in any thing he can do, he falls on what *Christ* has done, and finds peace. It’s terribly humiliating to be saved by what another has done for you, especially when such an one is the Son of God; but humiliation is better than damnation, and the poor, weary, proud sinner, yields. This part you know. But he has not yet reached the end of his humiliation. When the intensity of his delight in having found forgiveness of sins is past a little, he finds that, in spite of forgiveness—in spite of his craving desire to please God—of his disinterested love to the Lord Jesus—of his fasting and praying—there is something in him which he

bitterly hates, and which he cannot get rid of. He is in prayer, having a sweet time with God, when, suddenly, this thing he hates brings in his thoughts something either so sinful or so foreign to communion with God, that the sweetness is broken.

If he is singing some precious hymn, and making melody in his heart to God, in a twinkling he catches himself making music with his lips, while his heart is busy with any thing but the praise found in the words he sings. If he walks alone, now and then he awakes to the sad thought that, instead of feeding on the Manna he has been thinking about 'the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic' of Egypt. If he is among men, he finds the same annoyance in his dealings with them—the wrong is always *suggested* even when he is *doing* the right. In a word, he is harassed by this so much that, until he knows what it is, and where God places it, he cannot have *settled* peace.

This thing, then, which he hates, is what God calls '*the flesh*.'—Read verse 5. The annoyances I have mentioned He calls '*the motions of sins*.'—Read verse 5 again. The distress experienced and expressed by the cry, '*O wretched man that I am*,' comes by applying '*the law*' to the flesh.—Read once more verse 5. The law thunders out from Sinai, with its divine, cursing power, '*Thou shalt not lust*!' but the flesh, after man's vain struggles to obey it,

compels him to answer back, '*it is not subject to the law of God, NEITHER INDEED CAN BE.*' Ah! says God, at this juncture, you have got just where I wanted you. Your struggles to make the flesh better has been as vain as your efforts to make compensation for your sins: you are humbled enough to listen to *Me* now. Well, *hear* and find full deliverance: '*You are NOT under LAW BUT under GRACE.*' (Rom. vi. 14). Pause a moment, and just think.

"Hear again: '*Ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ, that ye should be married to another, even to Him who is raised from the dead.*'—(Romans vii. 4). Hear again—O! hear this: '*Ye are NOT IN THE FLESH, but in the Spirit.*'—(Rom. viii. 9)—so that now it is the glorious privilege of every true believer to '*RECKON himself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord!*'—(Rom. vi. 11). And now hear the climax: '*For YE ARE DEAD, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory.*'—(Col. iii. 3, 4)."

"Thank God! thank God!" he exclaimed, "to have sent a man to Kingston to point me to such amazing love and grace. These passages have shown me more of what my soul already apprehended. It appears to me as if I were no more in existence, but, as it were, living in another, and continually repeating to Him what, on the cross, He did for me."

"Oh!" he added, as he squeezed the Book against his bosom, "I feel sometimes like eating it, such is my craving to get hold of its blessed contents."

The intense affection which was settling in my bosom for that man cannot be told. I had been preaching in Kingston five months, five times a week, and teaching seeking souls from house to house besides, and yet but few did I know who, in all that time, had made the progress he had made since he had found "peace in believing."

I saw in him what I already believed that the reason why people who know Christ are so slow in growing and walking in Him is because they are not free from "seeking honor one of another." *He* cared for man no more; his ear was open to God *alone*, and the strides he made were wonderful.

He told me he was not satisfied with the *infant* baptism he had received. He could see only *believers* baptism in Scripture, and that by immersion. He wished me to baptize him, which I gladly did in the large prison tub. He also asked me if I would be with him at his execution. It would be the last kindness I could do him on earth, and I said yes, though I felt doubtful of my ability to bear it.

On Thursday, Dec. 3d, I called again. That cell inside those dark walls was now the most attractive place to me on earth, and I felt thankful to the Lord for the kindness of the authorities in allowing me to go in as often as I pleased.

His mother was with him when I came, so I sent a word asking him if I should go away and return after a while. He answered he was the more anxious to have me come in, as he longed to have his mother see what he saw, and I might be able to set the Gospel before her more clearly than he could. I gladly went in, and, while I was setting before her the finished redemption which is in Christ Jesus, he broke out, unable any longer to hold the "rivers of living water" which filled him, and said: "Yes, mother, it's *all finished—all done*; and since then the veil of heaven has been rent in twain, and such sinners as we are, *believing*, can have boldness to enter in by the blood of Jesus. When I came in this prison, three weeks ago, mother, I only knew one passage in the whole Book which could give me any hope at all. That was in Timothy: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.' I would repeat that passage to myself, and say—then there is hope for me; I need not despair. But I thought I stood a chance only at death. If, during the time I had yet to live, I, in some way—I could not tell—became good, I would stand a good chance when I died. But, O mother, *it is finished—ALL FINISHED!* 'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; *and the Lord has laid on Him the iniquity of us all!*' Mother, *the iniquity of us all* was laid on Him—

on Jesus—more than 1800 years ago. Our salvation is *finished* ever since, and Jesus since then has been sitting at God's right hand to enjoy the sight of believing sinners. Mother, as sure as Christ sits at God's right hand, so sure am I that I am saved, and that I shall be with Him in a few days."

His mother wept bitterly. Especially when she left him she could not control her sobs, but he comforted her to the last, saying: "Mother, I never was any comfort to you, but now you may have this comfort the rest of your days: The law demands my body, but it is all it can do; I am now redeemed by the blood of Jesus, and you may be sure that in a few days you shall have a son in Heaven."

His composed, smiling face was beautiful as long as he could thus comfort his poor mother; but as soon as the sound of her steps was lost in the corridors, and we were locked in alone again, his heart began to swell, and his sobs, breaking out almost into roaring, manifested such distress, that I could only look at him and weep. Soon, however, he looked up to heaven, and, lifting up his clasped hands, unburdened himself in beseeching God to comfort his poor mother, and all those he was grieving by his sad end.

Soon he was calm again, as usual, and turning to me he said: "I wish I had not to wait so long to be with Jesus." I said, "let us talk to our Lord a little while." We both

knelt close together, and he commenced at once to pray, or, rather, indeed *to talk to the Lord*. It was a child asking his *Father* what he *needs*. He especially requested that whenever the Lord should send me to preach the Gospel, the hearts of the people might be opened to hear it. He praised God a long while, in that He had sent His dear Son into the world to do the work by which such poor wretched sinners as he could be saved. He praised Christ for having finished the work of salvation which His Father had given Him to do. He praised God for having revealed His Son to him, in whom he had Eternal Life, and he finished by asking I might not grow weary in the work I was in. That I might be comforted in all my difficulties. That I and my Family might never want anything, and that the Holy Ghost might lead me wherever there were such needy souls as he was.

After he had risen, I noticed he was very pale. I asked him if he felt faint. "O no," he said; "but the thought that 'our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ,' quite carries me beyond this world. I wish the time was not so far away for me to be out of this body, and to enjoy Him without distraction of any kind. The thought of bodily pain is nothing. I am learning every day more to hate myself, and the denial of what we hate is not very hard."

"I see in you," I said "the same thing that is seen in

every man who is getting acquainted with Christ : He finds such beauty in Christ that he cannot but loathe himself; and the nearer the Christian lives to the Lord, the more he loathes himself. There are some Christians who are always talking about their own perfection—their great love and holiness, &c., and by so doing they make the blind believe that they live near God; but a man whose eyes are open has never any good to say of himself. I have a sister who was always a kind sister, and a faithful daughter, and yet when she came to the knowledge of Christ she hated the garments she had worn in the ‘innocent pleasures’ of the world. A brother, also, of mine, after he found Christ, would often speak of himself very disparagingly—so much so that they who knew him well said he exaggerated. ‘Ah!’ he would answer, ‘if you saw my heart as I see it, you would tell me I am yet far short of telling the whole truth.’ Thus, while one has the full assurance of salvation, which you now possess, he is humbled down to the dust. He glories in the Lord who has bought him, but he remembers also that in himself he is only ‘wounds and bruises and *putrifying* sores.’ When he sees this, he is done serving self. *Jesus alone* is worthy to be praised, adored, and served.”

“You make me glad,” he said. “It is joy to my soul to hear *man* made nothing of, and *Jesus* made every thing. Oh! what a love I feel kindling in my bosom for all on the

face of the earth who make nothing of man and every thing of my Jesus. Remember me in love to your brother and sister, and all who are of the same mind.

He told me he had read the first Epistle to the Thessalonians, and he had plainly seen that the same Jesus who had gone up to heaven on a cloud, in the view of his disciples, would come again in person, and it seemed to be a subject set before the children of God for their hope and their comfort. "I remember hearing Millerites preaching it," he said, "and setting time; do you believe in it?"

"I believe what you have found in Thessalonians," I answered, "and which is treated of in many other places in Scripture. As to setting time, it is a piece of man's presumption or ignorance; but as to the Lord's return, it is what Scripture declares every child of God ought to be looking for incessantly. To any eye that is open it is plain we are in the very 'last days,' but a child of God ought not even to be looking at that. The word says his Lord is to come at any hour—at any moment—and he should be in a waiting state in heart and practice."

"How sweet that is," he said. "Even if I am executed before He comes, you may not have to wait long. O be very earnest, my brother!"

This was like a voice coming to me from the other world. I have been waiting every day for our dear Lord, and endeavoring to act upon it these four years; but that voice

in a cell, telling me with such emphasis, "be earnest," has wrought a still more burning desire to "be steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

After a time of silence he said: "O I forgot—I forgot to tell mother."

"What?" I asked. "If it is something you can tell me, I can go to see her, and tell her."

"I would be glad," he said, "if you would. It is this: I leave this world belonging to no sect. I belong to Christ who has redeemed me with his own blood, and made me his own property. I belong to no sect, no man, no creed of any kind, and I would impress her with the dishonor made to Christ in belonging to any thing of that kind, that when God has made her to see what I now see, she may glorify Him in it. I belong to *Christ*, and to him *alone*. I love God's people—all who make nothing of man and every thing of Jesus. I wish I could see them all, serve them all, and enjoy communion with them all; but *I belong to Christ*. I am a Christian, holding now the relationship to all my brethren which I shall hold through all Eternity."

His faith, his deep insight into the ways of God, and the holy boldness of his speech, were binding me to him more than I ever had been bound to any one. The thought of our speedy separation was almost more than I could bear. I had already spoken to some of my brethren about the

propriety of having special prayer meetings for his reprieve, but they had pointed me to 1 John v. 16. "There is a sin unto death; I do not say that we shall pray for it;" and this had convinced me that seeking after a reprieve for him would be improper; both in the sight of God, who has "ordained the powers that be," and given them the sword "for the punishment of evil doers," and in the sight of the world before whom the Christian is to walk in perfect submission to those powers. The word of God had convinced and satisfied me, but my love for him was such that I would gladly have gone to beseech the Governor for him. As it was, I could find comfort only in this one thing; *Amen. Even so, come Lord Jesus.*"

On Monday, Dec. 5th, I found him brighter and more cheerful than at any time before. His coat was rolled up for a pillow at one end of his wooden bench, and he was lying there "feasting on God's love," as he said, when the sound of the key roused him.

Daily, he said, things were growing brighter before him. Daily he abhorred self more, and delighted in the Saviour more. "Even in my sleep," he said, "the love of God occupies my unconscious thoughts." He said, before he had peace, he often agonized in prayer for hours; but since he had seen Christ on the cross had gone through the agony for sin, he could feel agony no longer; but he delighted to lie quietly on his back and just think of the love of God.

"And O! such rapturous hours," he added; "what will it be when I get there! all this is no more a sentimental religion, whose seat is in one's imagination or feelings. It is a solid rock the believer's feet are on, and founded on that he may well feel happy."

He got much blessing from John xvii. 4: "I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do." So far he had only seen Christ *satisfying* the justice of God in dying for poor sinners; but on this occasion he saw Christ *glorifying* God in that work He had been sent to do. He saw the wonderful sovereignty of God, since every word which He had spoken must be utterly fulfilled, even if it cost the very life of the Darling of His bosom; and this sovereign righteousness brought out fully by the work of Christ. By it He proves the holiness of God, His unflinching justice and His amazing love, all combined and interlaced. He is holy, and therefore the sin of the sinner must be put away before the sinner can approach Him; He is just, and therefore Christ must be "made a curse for us" before we can be "redeemed from the curse of the law;" He is love, and therefore He comes down in Man to "reconcile the world unto Himself," by laying their iniquity on that perfect Man.

This, of course, carried him far beyond the thought of his own eternal safety. The *glory of God* was a new field for his delighted soul.

One thing surprised me more than any thing before : he had seen the difference in reading the Scriptures, between the "coming of the Lord" and the "day of Christ." The former referring to the coming of Christ *for* His saints, the latter to His coming *with* His saints to execute judgment on the nations of the world. Surely, I thought, if the Holy Ghost so thoroughly instructs a child of God, who has but nine days more to live, in the things concerning the return of our Lord, He must be wonderfully occupied with it compared with the time when the Church almost wholly ignored the subject.

He asked me if I had been happy in preaching the day before. I told him, as it was truly the case, I had never had more power from on High in preaching before. He said : "I thank God, for during the hours of preaching I besought God to help you and to cause the good seed to fall on good ground."

He said it was very sweet to him to see the change that peace with God brought in a man's mind. Before he had peace, occupied with himself incessantly, he cared for nothing or nobody ; but now, occupied with Christ, his heart went after every body—longing all might get what he got. He was not insensible to their temporal things, but it was their spiritual things which occupied him most. He seemed especially anxious for the souls of his fellow-convicts in the Penitentiary, and several times expressed the wish

that I should be allowed, if it were but once or twice, to preach to them about the finished redemption in Christ Jesus.

On Wednesday morning, Dec. 7th, after returning from the country where I had gone the day before to preach, I heard something had come out on the Morning Daily Paper as a production from Daniel Mann which was unbecoming to a child of God. Upon procuring a paper I found it to be truly what it was represented to be, and even supposing the things he said to be just, and ascribing the way in which he said them to his great ignorance of the rules of well-bred society, the spirit manifested was any thing but a spirit of love, especially toward certain officials of the Penitentiary.

I had, from the moment he had found peace, been so confident of his being a converted man that I could scarcely believe the article was his own and to avoid troubling him unnecessarily with what was going on outside I went to the publishing office to ascertain. The original article was shown me and I could doubt no longer ; it was his own handwriting. A keener pang had never crossed my bosom, Thoughts of all sorts rushed to my mind and satan assailed me with the dreadful thought my erring brother was only a hypocrite doubly worthy of contempt for his ability to be so in the face of death and Eternity. In my sorrow I could but say with the wearied prophet : " It is enough ; now O

Lord, take away my life ; for I am not better than my fathers. ”

In a moment, however, I was reminded how often I had failed, and far more grievously than this, since I had found peace in Christ. Also, how much more grievously than this Peter and James and John and others had failed, though children of God and even Apostles of Our Lord Jesus Christ ; so I took courage and went to the Prison, feeling sure the opportunity had come for the admonition in Galatians vi. 1 : “ Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, Ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness ; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. ”

As soon as I had entered his cell he said he had been longing all morning to see me come in ; he felt very much dejected, and he could not tell why.

“ Since when ? ” I asked.

“ Since yesterday morning,” he replied ; “ and Oh ! how I did wish to see you all day yesterday. ”

“ Have you lost your peace ? ” I asked him.

“ No,” he said. “ Sometimes I feel the old way returning ; that is, trying to work myself into some great state of love and religious feeling before God, but at once the Word in Corinthians comes to me ‘ if one died for all *then* were all *dead*,’ and I say, how can a dead thing do any thing ? Christ did it all long ago ; *all is finished* ; there is the only

place where I can rest, and where I do rest ; but something is in my way. I can rest in God's love because I see there is no other ground where a *sinner* can rest ; but rest is'n't enough for me, I want to *rejoice* in the Lord and I can't."

As I saw his broken state of mind I felt I must deal very gently with him so as not to grieve him beyond measure. More than ever drawn to him I could now also wound him without fear, for his wounds were mine, so I said : " Perhaps you have not heeded the admonition in Ephesians iv. : ' Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you with all malice ; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.' The article from you which came out in yesterday morning's paper did not surely breathe that tender-hearted, forgiving spirit, spoken of in the above passage ; therefore the Holy Spirit who now dwells in you has been grieved, and if you grieve your Comforter, how do you expect to be comforted ? Ah ! my brother, *the flesh* is a source of much grief to all the true children of God."

As soon as I had spoken these words his expression became one of indescribable grief, and his heart began to swell again as after his parting with his mother. " Oh ! " he exclaimed, looking up to Heaven and squeezing my

hands in his, "thanks be unto God! I shall soon be out of a wretched world where I never did but rebel against God and man, and where I can now but grieve Him who has bought me with His own blood."

I could truly weep with him, for I knew by experience the powerful union of the Christian's three bitter foes: the flesh, the world, and the devil. I knew well how the devil stirs up the flesh, and how the world loves to get hold of the result and make the best of it.

Fearing now that satan should take advantage of his fault, and remembering he was only a child two weeks old, I proceeded to establish him in what he already perceived plainly, that is, that a fault could in nowise affect his *sonship*. It could only affect his *communion*. His sonship rested on the *finished work of Christ*, through faith in Him. His sonship therefore could not be touched except by overthrowing Christ or his ceasing to believe Jesus is the Christ. Peace had been made by the blood of His Cross, and He, risen from the dead and seated at God's right hand, "*is our peace*." I pointed him to 1 Cor. i. 30 and others of the same character, and in a little while I saw the desired effect; seeing that nothing, not even his failures could rob him of his salvation, since that was in Christ in whom he believed he said with more and more grief: "Oh! blessed Savior, to think that I could thus grieve Thee! Thou whose blood has secured me an eternal inheritance in Heaven, I am

ashamed, so ashamed of myself, Lord, that I can but lie down in confusion before Thee!"

Turning to me he said: "And I have grieved you too, my brother. Ah! you are strong and able to resist the evil, therefore God has called you to face it, but I am weak, so weak that God saw I was't fit to live, even as a child of His. I shall soon be where I can praise him as I wish."

"Well," said I, "the same God who provided salvation for the sinner has also provided restoration for the believer. In restoration as in salvation the way is His own, and that is Christ. Salvation for the sinner is through His blood, restoration for the believer is through His intercession." We read together the first ten verses of John xiii. and then I said to him: "Do you see how that Jesus in anticipation of the work He was going to do on the cross for the salvation of sinners, girds Himself with a towel, and, with *water*, washes His *Disciples' feet*? Peter not yet knowing the wondrous work his Master is to do before he can be a converted man, cannot understand such humiliation, and therefore refuses to have Him humble Himself down to such work, but Jesus insists, telling him he will know after a while what this means. In a moment Peter changes his mind and wants to be washed all over. O no, says Christ, 'he that is washed (by blood) is clean every whit; he *needeth not*, save to wash his feet (by water).' All this is very simple now. The 'after while' is passed, and any

child of God can see what it means, for after Christ had obtained an eternal redemption for us and gone back Home, He sent down the Holy Ghost who now dwells in every converted man and enables him to search and comprehend the deep things of God : when a man believes, *then* and *there* he is washed in the blood and 'is clean every whit.' By one sacrifice he is 'perfected *for ever*,' so that he *never* again need be washed in the *blood*. Those who think they need to be washed in the blood constantly make the blood of Jesus, as far as they are concerned, no better than that of bulls and of goats, beside annulling the need of His intercession. But while he is a man *every whit*, and *eternally* cleansed by the *one shedding* of the blood of Jesus, he is a man who has the flesh dwelling in him, a wicked world all around him, and the devil constantly after him. He has to *walk* in the midst of all these difficulties, and his *feet* are very apt to get muddy, as yours did by the article on the paper, and may yet again. Christ washing our *feet* in *water* must be clear to you now. 1 John ii. 1, expresses it : 'If any man sin *we (who are saved)* have an *advocate* with the Father, Jesus Christ, the Righteous ;' and again in Romans viii. 34 : 'who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh *intercession* for us (*believers*).' Jesus died, and therefore the *believing* sinner lives ; Jesus intercedes, and therefore the offending but confessing believer is restored to communion with God."

His cup was full and running over. We knelt together, and in a quiet, subdued prayer, such as I never had heard before, he poured out his heart to God, especially beseeching Him to keep him from ever again grieving His Holy Spirit and dishonoring His Blessed Name.

For a long while we sat close together on his bench, he weeping like a child and only interrupting the silence from time to time by saying: "How sweet to lie down on the mercy of God!" or, "what a vile thing I am; Lord, what a vile thing I am!" or, "how kind in you, dear brother, to tell me!"

"I am no better than you," I said; "my flesh is the same as yours. My spirit is willing as yours, and my flesh as weak also; to-morrow I may need to be admonished in my turn. I have only done what my hand would do for another member of my body, if in need. Believing you belong to the *Body of Christ*, to which I also belong, I have only followed that which the Lord of the Body wishes to see, and which He expresses in the twelfth chapter of first Corinthians. Read it when I am gone."

I had come to the prison grieved at what had happened. I left happier than ever, sure the Lord would draw His praise even out of this.

On Friday, Dec. 9th, he was quite taken up with something he had found on Wednesday night after I had left him. It was the same thing with which he had been oc-

cupied for some days, of which he had tasted the bitter fruit a little while before, and which God was showing him with power, namely, *the flesh*.

Until a late hour at night, he said, he was, as it were, swallowed up in this passage of Psalm li. 5: "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." "I saw myself," he said, "a mere mass of corruption, and *such* corruption, that I cannot describe my feelings; I praised God who enabled me to see myself as *He* saw me, and, Oh! my brother, if you knew how I got to hating myself! it was such a strange thing. You know it is natural for every man to have some respect for himself, and, even when in the Penitentiary, if any man had said injurious things to me I would have resented it, supposing my honor as a man was touched. Some one who called at the Penitentiary made some cutting remark on my family, and upon hearing it I made up my mind that my first duty upon my release would be to avenge the offence; but since the other night it seems to me that the more evil said of me the better it makes me feel. Indeed it's lost time to talk evil about me. The best way is to take it all in a lump and say, *He is only evil*. The very *essence* of me is evil. All from me can be but evil. Oh! what a sight! And yet, do you know, I never was so happy in my life. I can hardly tell why I should be so happy at such a sight, except that it made the *grace of God* more manifest to me; but I was

so happy that I could not sleep. I felt as if I must get out of my cell, gather the whole world around me, and tell them they were *all* shapen in iniquity, conceived, born and brought up in sin, and all rotten to the heart as well as myself, and the only way of course for such creatures to appear before a Holy God was by what *Jesus had done*—for the very best thing such creatures could do must be only *filthy rags*. I praised God again and again, and when I saw it was no use thinking about preaching to the *world* I thought I must preach to the night guard. I have thought since, he may have imagined, from the way I spoke to him, that I was'nt quite right in my mind, for I saw myself as God sees me. I assure you if every body would see themselves as God sees them they would'nt feel like speaking evil of one another, and if any evil was spoken they would'nt care about justifying themselves."

"I see you have got where every child of God ought to be," I said, "and you make me think about a much hated servant of the Lord Jesus: As he was going quietly on his way once, some one tried to anger him by heaping insults upon him; but he soon put out the fire by saying, 'if you knew me as I know myself you would say far worse things than this; well, this is the only state of mind in which the Christian can glorify God. It is this very thing which makes of him a *pilgrim* and a *stranger* in the midst of the world, for the world sees nothing but its *rights*, whilst he

claims none, and is ever ready to do as the sheep whose wool is sheared from his back and makes no complaint."

"All this seems very plain to me now," he said, "but I suppose very few in the world see this. As I said to the night-guard the other night when I was so happy, I have no doubt the world would laugh at me if I told them there is in man not so much as enough good as to lay the end of a needle on. Ah! I am afraid very few only will be saved, for even among the preachers I never heard any one talk in this way. The idea seems to be to get people to *do better*, to *reform* and such *nonsense*—yes, such *nonsense*—for in the sight of what man *is* to talk to Him about *doing* is absurd, and it leads to hell."

As he spoke I thought in my own heart, *would to God every pulpit in the land were occupied by such a preacher.* Yes, cold, worldly children of God, if you had such preaching your consciences would burn until you walked worthy of your calling! you, vain, good, moral professors of Christianity, you could not boast long in your outward goodness but would soon flee from the midst of God's people, unable to bear the searching power of the truth! and you, preachers of the Truth, you would soon cease to be the popular, applauded, courted men of the world!

Amazed to see how fast the Lord was leading this dear soul in His ways I felt happier than ever in opening my Bible to read with him such portions as seemed to me need-

ful to him. He had entered fully in the forgiveness of *sins*, but he had evidently never yet *fully* grasped the blessed truth of "*sin* put away." I pointed him to Romans vi. 11, and to Galatians ii. 20, and endeavored to show him this "old man" he now hated so much, and which he had learned to hate from God who hates it far more than any of us can hate it, that this "old man" or "first adam" or "flesh" or "carnal mind" or "*sin*"—all synonymous terms—had been "crucified with Christ," who, in grace, "*was made sin for us*." It was therefore "put away" from God's sight. He calls it "dead" since it was "crucified with Christ;" therefore He says to us who believe: "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

But he seemed unable fully to grasp the depth of this glorious truth, for he kept repeating he wished it was more dead—he wished he could crucify it more. As he looked at himself and saw he was *only sin*, and could be nothing else, his only hope, of course, could be in what Jesus had done; but he wished he could get rid of this hateful thing.

Again I commended him to God and left him, realising how helpless man is in imparting the trust to others. He can only lay it before them; the Holy Ghost must apply it.

The next morning, Saturday, Dec. 10th, he was the first object for my thoughts as I awoke, and after asking the

Lord to guide me through the day, I felt I could not even wait for breakfast, but must go to the prison.

I found him pondering over Galatians ii. 20, and trying to get the meaning of it. As usual I sat beside him, opened my own Bible, and referred him to Scripture for every question he asked or which seemed "meat in due season." I had just pointed him to 1 Corinthians i. 30: "But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption," and was endeavoring to show him the divine perfection a man stands in when he has Christ who is made unto him of God *wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption*, when he suddenly ceased paying attention to any thing I said, and exclaimed: "O what a wonderful thing I see! Christ *Himself* my righteousness! Yes, Christ Jesus *Himself*, not what He has done, but *His own self*—as He is, there at God's right hand—that's my righteousness! O, my brother, do you see it?"

He had caught the blessed truth, and the state of happiness it threw him into took such hold of me also that I could scarcely keep quiet, and kept on talking to him; but he said: "That's enough—let me enjoy for a while what I never dreamed man could enjoy on earth."

The silence we were in for a while was not what some might imagine, that of a dark, gloomy, felon's cell: it was the silence of intense, divine happiness, and of deep adoration.

He broke the silence by saying: "Why, this sets *me* aside, does'nt it? Since Christ *Himself* is my righteousness, it is a righteousness that is divine, complete, independent of me, of my feelings, of my thoughts; a righteousness which Satan himself cannot affect, no matter how much he may try me. Now I see that before I can perish Christ Himself must perish, for He is *my righteousness*. O, my brother, if my righteousness has not appeared on the clouds of Heaven before next Wednesday morning I shall go to see Him."

"Now," I said, "you can take up Simeon's strain: 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen *THY* salvation!' The Holy Ghost has taught you a wondrous truth—the highest *but one* of all the doctrines of grace—for Christ, now *your* righteousness through faith, is *God's* righteousness; therefore 2 Cor. v. 21 says we (who believe) are 'made the righteousness of God in Him.'"

"I see," he continued, "how it is that I am a dead man before God: I am so entirely vile that there is *nothing* in me He can delight in; so He calls me '*sin*.' He put *sin* on Christ at the cross, then looked on Him as if He were sin. Christ was crucified, and, of course, I was crucified with Him: Christ died, and, of course, I am a dead man; but Christ is risen, and He is my righteousness. God looks on Him in me, and He loves me even as He loves

Christ Himself. How sweet these two lines are to me now :

‘ I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all.’

I see how it is, too, that I am a ‘ new creature’ in Christ Jesus. All that I have done, all that I am, is blotted out of existence ; I am a *new man*. Now, I can go right on in perfect peace and joy to meet God, for when I arrive before Him I shall point to Jesus at His right hand and say : ‘ There, my God, is my righteousness !’ and so saying he walked the cell, squeezing his folded arms against his chest as if he pressed some dear one against his bosom.

After a while he turned to me and said : “ How dear to me are all who, in any place, have Christ for their righteousness. How I love them in Christ !”

“ Do you believe,” I said, “ such a thing as this is not enough to bind people together ?”

“ If this is’nt enough,” he replied, “ what can be ?”

“ I only ask you this,” I said, “ because I see in you what many are awaking to—that is, that if any thing but Christ is needed to bind Christians together their union is not of God, and therefore cannot please Him.”

A long while we remained together worshipping our God. In a prayer he made he besought God to lead many precious souls to find what he had just found, and especially asked it for his poor fellow-criminal. He prayed

in particular for every one of his family. Of one whom he had loved much, he said: "Lord, he is a good, upright, affectionate man, but still he is lost, and he knows it not: Oh! do Thou tell him he is lost!"

Praying for me, he said: "Thou knowest, Lord, how much I love my dear brother, and what I would do for him for Thy sake if I could; but I know Thou lovest him far more still than I do, and I commend him to Thee." He spoke evidently face to face with God. There was no excitement, no familiarity, but the sweet liberty of a submissive son before a loving Father. There lay a book of prayers on his table, which some one had sent him, but he had no need any *man* should teach him, for he had the anointing which teacheth all things, even the Holy Ghost.—(1 John ii. 27). How wonderful the difference between the man who performs a religious duty in "saying his prayers" and the one who, full of the Holy Ghost, pours out his need to His Father.

As I left the prison I thought to myself this was the brightest case I had yet seen, where the great difference was shown between *forgiveness of sins* found (Col. i. 14) and *God's righteousness* imputed (Rom. iii. 22); the first being by the *shedding of blood*, the latter in the *Risen Christ*; the first giving only a *negative* salvation: "There is now therefore *no condemnation* for them that are in Christ Jesus (Rom. viii. 1); the latter a *positive* righteous-

ness, "As Christ is so are we in this world" (1 John iv. 17). By the shedding of His blood Christ has washed away *all* my sins, future as well as past; therefore they can never be laid to my charge any more, but this only makes me a *forgiven criminal*. God wants *sons* and everybody knows a forgiven criminal is not a son. It is our being "made the righteousness of God in Him" which establishes our sonship and the knowledge of it gives us the liberty of sons so beautifully shown in Daniel Mann during this interview. It is this also which loosens the heart fully from the world and sets it busy "seeking those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." Surely a man who knows he is made *the righteousness of God* in Christ Jesus cannot but "joy in God" incessantly, whilst a craving such as no tongue can express fills his bosom and breaks out in "prayer without ceasing," that he may have grace to walk worthy of such a wondrous calling, in the sight of God and of men.

O that God's dear children might know what is theirs in the *risen Christ*! They would then talk less about their feelings, their frames of mind, their weakness, their victories, their faith and works of faith, any thing good or bad about themselves: the theme and substance of all their talk would be Christ "made unto us of God, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption."

On Monday, Dec. 12th, I spent again the morning with

him. He was in a deeply quiet state of mind. "The hour is fast approaching" he said, "but I know in whom I have believed. God, who says that by the blood of Jesus my sins are all washed away, and that he remembers them no more, has so enabled me to believe Him that I have almost forgotten them too, and am wholly taken up with Christ my righteousness. Sometimes I wonder if it can be possible that such grace should be true, but when such thoughts come I open quickly my Testament and reassure myself that I am not mistaken. Ah! my brother, God's Word *alone* can satisfy the soul with which God is at work. It is only what *God* says that is worth any thing. Oh! how I wish men would see this! let every thing go but the *Word of God*."

"And how does *God* say we are his children?" I asked.

"By faith in Jesus Christ," he replied, pointing to the verse.

"And what does *God* say His children are?" I asked again.

He didn't catch my thought so I referred him to Romans viii. 17. "and if children, then *heirs*, heirs of *God*, and *joint-heirs with Christ*."

After a little while of new delight from this passage he said: "O that my mother, and my brothers and sisters, and every body might see the things that I see!"

"You are just like me," I said; "as I read and re-read

the Word, and discover new glories in it, I burn for the time of preaching to come to tell them to others."

In a little while the Spirit of God led us to the subject of the resurrection from the dead. The fifteenth of first Corinthians and the fourth of first Thessalonians were the chief Scripture we used.

"You know," I said, "what *first-fruit* means. Well, there it says Christ is the first-fruit of all the brethren. *Their* turn will be '*when He comes.*' The spirits of believers, washed in His blood, are at rest in God's bosom the moment they leave the body, as it says in 2 Cor. v. 8: 'absent from the body, present with the Lord.' There *they* wait for their mortal bodies to be *raised* immortal as *we* wait here to have them *changed*. And all this, the Scripture declares, will take place '*at His coming.*' At that grand hour, the crowning of all our waiting, the bodies of the dead saints shall all be brought to rise again, only now *without sin*; and the bodies of all of us, His living saints, shall be changed 'in the twinkling of an eye,' and '*caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air!*' This is the *first* resurrection, also called 'the resurrection of *the just*,' which may occur to-day, while we are here talking together, at any moment of the day or the night. The world will very likely know nothing about it, except as the few who are waiting for Him will be found missing here and there. It will go on just the same with

its religious performances and boasted progress for a very little while until He, with power and great glory, *appears* on the clouds of heaven with the myriads of His glorified saints to execute judgment on it. As it happened to Sodom, so to the world then. Lot was first taken out, and Sodom had not long to rest after. It is then 'the kings of the earth. and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hide themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains, and say to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?'

Those who are not saved belong to another resurrection which occurs later, as you may see in the twentieth of Revelation. And thus, if the Lord does not come before you die, you will be waiting for His coming, and, of course, for the resurrection, in God's bosom, whilst I will be waiting down here, endeavoring to lead others in the same precious things you now see, and often getting for reward the sneers of those men described in 2 Peter iii. 3, 4: 'Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days *scoffers*, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming? For since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as from the beginning of the

creation.' You will be at rest, able now to adore Him without distraction of any kind, whilst I will be at war, constantly struggling against every thing which would rob me of an adoring spirit, defending the blessed truth which has made us free, and praying for grace to be 'stedfast, unmoveable, always *abounding* in the work of the Lord, knowing our labor is not in vain *in the Lord*.'

"How sweet, how sweet, all this is!" he exclaimed. "It is wonderful how the Word sets a man clear on every thing."

"Yes," I said, "if he is submissive to it."

"But tell me," he said, "how is this that some people speak of death as if that was the same thing as the Lord's coming? for I see the Scripture shows them to be very different things."

"They who do this," I replied, "show either their unbelief or their ignorance. With some I am afraid it is even worse. They know the Word is true, and they know it teaches that, but they are nicely fixed in this world, or they want to do some great thing in it, therefore they hate the idea of Christ's coming, because that would interfere with their plans. They prefer the idea of death because that gives them at least the chance of so many years. My own wicked heart went through it all before I was willing to bow to the *Word*, so I know all this. But now, submissive to the Word, all is clear and simple as day; the

heavy, oppressive feeling which follows this '*What's to come hereafter?*' is gone, and 'we all, *with open face*, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord.'

On Tuesday morning, December 13th, his countenance was calm as usual. He seemed even more free than before from the strangled sobs which he could not restrain through all our former interviews. "I am living," he said, "in the first four verses of Colossians iii., and in the second of Ephesians."

"You are living in pastures which *sheep only* know," I said, "and they are sweet."

"Yes, very, very sweet," he replied. "They are *so* sweet that I have nothing whatever to wish for for myself save that my Father may give me grace and strength to deport myself in every thing as it becomes a poor sinner *saved by grace*. Since I can glorify God in nothing else now, may I glorify Him in the full peace and confidence which become one whose righteousness is Christ."

"God may glorify Himself through you more than in this which you desire," I said: "As soon as I saw the Holy Ghost had opened your eyes to see the *grace of God*, a voice kept repeating in my ears, Here is an instrument by which God will display what He is; so I have carefully and as accurately as possible penned the substance of ev-

ery one of our interviews, which I intend to publish as soon as I can, in the full assurance the Lord will use it for His glory in the building up of His Church. Have you no objection to this?"

"May the Spirit of Our God go with it," he answered. "O may he use it for the opening of many, many eyes, and the joy of many, many hearts! I will now pray for this to my end, that God may glorify Himself by it."

"There is something else yet," I said, "in which God may be glorified. Indeed it is the greatest thing: Turn to the seventeenth of Luke."

We read from verse 11 to verse 19, and I said: "There are, in figure, ten sinners saved by grace, through faith; but Jesus Himself declares *only one* of them, and he is a poor cast-out like you—a Samaritan—has glorified God. And the way in which he gave glory to God was by returning and falling at his Lord's feet in heart-felt adoration. Ah! this is something we are all too apt to forget. Our idea is that the only way to glorify God is by *doing* some great thing, whilst God's greatest delight is in seeing the saved sinner fall down on his face at His feet, *giving Him thanks!* Mary is another such case. She cares more for her dear Lord than for all the poor in the land. Lookers-on, even disciples, find fault with '*this waste*'; but the Lord orders it to be published 'whosoever this Gospel is preached in the whole world.' So the alabaster boxes

of true worship you may pour on Jesus to your end may be far more to the glory of God than the three hundred pence of money."

I was kindly allowed what we both wished much: to spend the last night together, as the hour for the execution was at eight o'clock in the morning, so I arranged to return in the evening.

* * * * *

No words can describe the strange, sweet hours of that night. Its sweetness, deepened by its sadness, cannot be told. It was *my* share of God's grace displayed in him. It was my harvest for my three weeks' teaching. It is another oasis in the wilderness I have been traveling in these four years. I will be *glad* when it ends, but until then this is sweet. It was no more teaching and learning as before. We were feasting together on what he had learned during the past three weeks. We *worshipped* our God; we adored our Lord Jesus. There was no noise, no excitement. Ours was a quiet cell that night, but O the solemnity of it! Jesus was there.

Ah! my brethren, do you know what it is to *worship* God? do you know what it is to *possess* eternal life?—to know that that life is in Jesus, yea, is Jesus Himself who sits at God's right hand, now in the very same *body* in which He bare our sins on the tree? Do you know what it is to ignore creed, name and title? to know *only Christ*, and

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own and love one another only in Him? Do you know what it is to "keep His word" and let go *every thing else?* To "not deny *His name*" and deny *every other name?* Then you know what Jesus meant when He said: "This is my commandment, that ye love one another, *as I have loved you*" (John xv. 12) and you may form some idea of what we both enjoyed that night. I wept sore many a time at the thought that that man whom I now loved as my own soul was about to be torn away from me in such a violent manner, but he would say, as he would draw me up against him: "Don't weep, brother; you know I am a son of God, redeemed by the blood of Jesus." But this, while it forbade all bitterness, only grieved me the more for that was the very ground and bond of my love to him.

His favorite expression through the whole night was: "a son of God, a part, yes, a very part of Thee, Lord Jesus! O why should I not rejoice?"

He never remained long without returning to his Testament which lay open on the table with many leaves turned and many portions underlined. It was not to seek any thing new but to read and reread the passages which referred most clearly to the grace of God. The special portions he used were the 20th verse of Galatians ii., the fifth, sixth and eighth of Romans; the second of Ephesians; the first 4 verses of Colosians iii. and the first 4 of John xiv. An expression in the passage of Gal. ii, especially filled

him: "and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by *the faith of the son of God*, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—"It is nothing of mine" he would say; "it is all of God. Not even *my* faith, but *the faith of the son of God*. I am a man *in Christ*, in the Son of God; one spirit with Him; flesh of His flesh, bone of His bone; a very part of Him, and this for all eternity because *I believe*. O Jesus, *Jesus*" he would often exclaim, "how I love Thee! in a few hours I'll feast on Thee, O Lord Jesus, to my heart's content. Then I will be filled. But O, my Father, *until* then give me to remember that I walk by *faith*, not by *sight*; by simple faith in what Thou hast written in Thy Blessed Book."

Often we prayed. He never asked any thing for himself, save that he might have strength from the Lord to act to the last moment as it becomes one who has all things in Christ.—"Thou knowest, my Father," he would say, "how natural it is to the flesh to shrink from death, and especially a death like this; but Jesus has borne my sins in His own body on the tree; He is risen; He sits at Thy right hand, and He is my life. I, therefore, Thou knowest it, my Father, have no fear of any kind concerning Eternity—there is no sting in death for me. But the world will be looking at me, Lord, and I would shame Thee and Thy Word, were I to show weakness. Help me in that hour!"

The burthen of his prayers was chiefly for all his "breth-

ren in Christ Jesus." He would tell the Lord what a wicked world they were in and how much they needed His help to go through it to His glory. He also besought the Lord much for all his family, especially for his mother and a grown-up sister. He prayed much that God would stir up the people every where to hear the Truth as it is in Jesus. He asked often that the publication of our interviews might be blessed to every one who would read it, and upon my telling him of a special work for the Lord in the States which weighed somewhat on my mind, he, several times before morning, besought the Lord for it.

At one time as he lay resting on the bench, his coat rolled up under his head for a pillow, his happiness became so intense that he said to me: "I don't believe I can live till morning." His eyes closed, his hands lifted toward heaven, as he lay on his back, he only gave sign of life by repeating in a low voice, "Lord Jesus, Lord Jesus, one with Thee. I long for Thee, Lord Jesus." Soon he reached for my hands, which he put on his forehead under his own, and in this way he slept a little while. When he awoke he asked what time it was. "Just three," I said.

"Five hours more, my Blessed Jesus, and I shall be with Thee," he said. "O how sweet that is! I never knew what real, unbroken, unclouded happiness is even until last Saturday when I saw Christ in Heaven as my righteousness. I knew what *peace* is from that morning when I

saw the finished work of Christ for my salvation ; but since I have known *Christ Himself* as my righteousness I know what *joy* means. Several gentlemen called in yesterday, and seemed to pity me in my condition ; but Oh ! how I do wish they might be as I am, save the hanging."

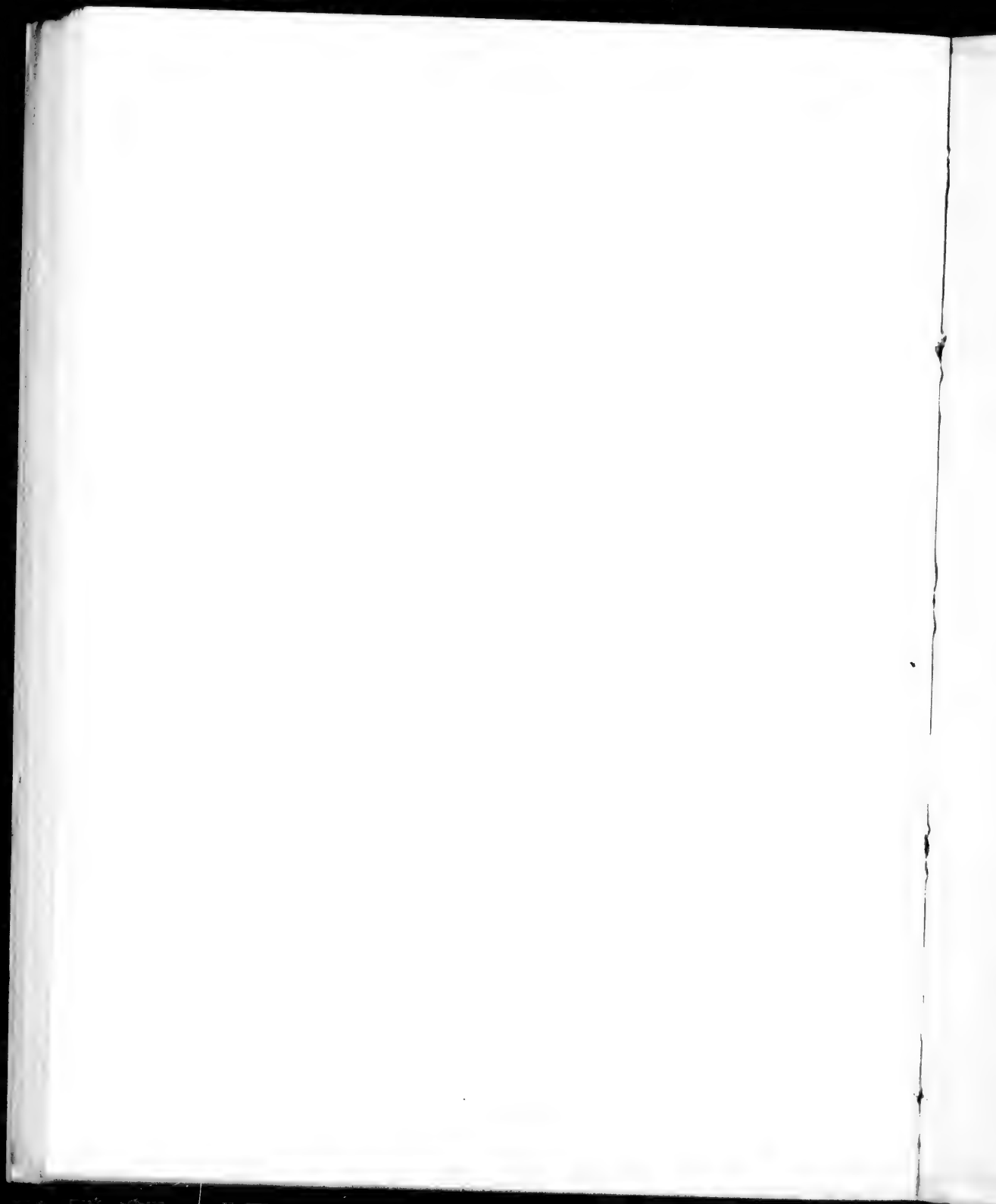
Again he said ; " morning is coming and I wish to forget nothing. This Testament was given me by Mr. G. and I leave it for him to carry to my mother. It is the best gift I ever had. May my dear mother find in it what I found. This package of tracts I leave for you to carry to my mother. It will be a kindness to me if you visit her as often as you can. Tell her I am *at home*, a sinner saved by grace, through faith. I have made a dying request she may be released, for she is not guilty, and is there through *my fault alone*. I trust my Father will move the heart of the Governor to do so ; but tell her that peace with God makes of a prison a palace. She must not think it is easier to believe outside a prison than inside. Christ has done it all, and it is *believing* that makes every thing ours. If she will *only believe* she will meet me again when Jesus comes.

" Tell my sister she is lost, as lost as I am, and must therefore be saved in the same way in which I am saved. Please write to her, and tell her I never knew what happiness is till I saw the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Tell her she may *think* she is happy in the pleas-

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ures of the world, but I know they are death, eternal woe, at the end.

“When you have published our interviews, send a copy to each of my relatives whose address you have.

“Tell every body that I recognise no church but the Church of God, the Body of Christ, of which, through faith in Jesus Christ, I am a happy, happy member. I love, yes, I *dearly* love all whose confidence is where mine is, and who love my Blessed Jesus. Moreover, I affectionately and solemnly warn them who seem to place much confidence in the Church or in the Ordinances. I have received several books and other matters, since I am here, which talk in that way; but I am sure there is nothing so dangerous because it hides Christ in whom *alone* is salvation, and grace, and strength. These things, I know, are very good in their place, but I feel sure many are putting them before Christ; for if they saw in Christ what I see, they would set Him up so high that the other things would not be noticed much.

“Insist that forgiveness of sins is *not* when a man dies. It is for ever too late then; but it is *when* he *believes*, because the debt was all paid over 1800 years ago.

“Tell the world that it is lost, but that God sent His Son to save it; that the work for our salvation is all done since Jesus died. Oh! that they would *only believe!* If they only could see in Jesus what I see, they could not stay

away another moment. Indeed it is not left for man to choose, for when he sees Christ he cannot refuse; he must come, and he must love."

He called the night-guard and said: "Oh! Mr. R., I love you: I do love you so much that I wish I could see you resting in Christ before I die."

"I have determined now to try to be a Christian," answered the guard.

"O no! that will not do! that will not do!" he replied. "God wants none of your *determination*. It is His Son, Eternal Life, a finished redemption, *He offers you*. Will you not have it? Look at me. Three hours more and I shall hang, and yet I am the happiest man living. What do you think of that? Is'nt there reality in Christ? Is'nt it a reality worth having? Look at that man! (he pointed to me). The love of Christ has enabled him to leave the world and be happy in such a place as this. Is'nt there reality in Christ?"

Thus he pleaded, and after a while he said to me, "Let us pray for Mr. R. May be the Lord will show him what we see."

Often he would take both my hands in his, stoop a little so as to draw his face close to mine, and then would say: "We are two sons of God, two members of the body of Christ, two brothers in Him; is'nt that delightful?"—and so saying he would look in my eyes until I was compelled

to drop my eyelids. Oh! that face! how dear to me! it still lives!

At seven o'clock he said, "Now, Lord, one more glance at Thy Word, then I will tie up the Book for my dear mother, and I go to Thee."

After he had arranged every thing on the table, he said to me: "Now Satan is assailing me."

I felt afraid of this, for I well knew that Satan could see he would soon be out of his reach, so I could but silently pray for him. In about four or five minutes he said: "It is all over. I am one with Christ, and Christ is one with God. God is my *Father*, and Satan is at my feet."

As the noise of feet and voices was beginning to be heard all around, he said: "Soon we shall be surrounded by people, so let me bid you good-by as I wish to;" and so saying he took me in his arms as a child, kissed me over and over again, then let me go, and said: "You have taught me the Truth of God, and He has plucked me as a brand from the burning to believe it. May God bless you and every thing you do. May He make you strong to preach the same things to many more till Jesus comes."

While he spoke the cell had been opened, and we were asked to go into another cell, where several were assembled with the other criminal.

A few minutes before eight the arms of both were tied to ascend to the gallows. While he was being tied a

shiver seemed to pass over him. Our eyes met, and again his smiling face was turned up toward Heaven.

The procession moved on, but as he was a little behind I held him by the sleeve till all but the Turnkey had gone out, and I kissed him for the last time.

A few minutes after he was "out of the body, present with the Lord," and I returned home with my sorrow and my joy.

PAUL J. LOIZEAUX.

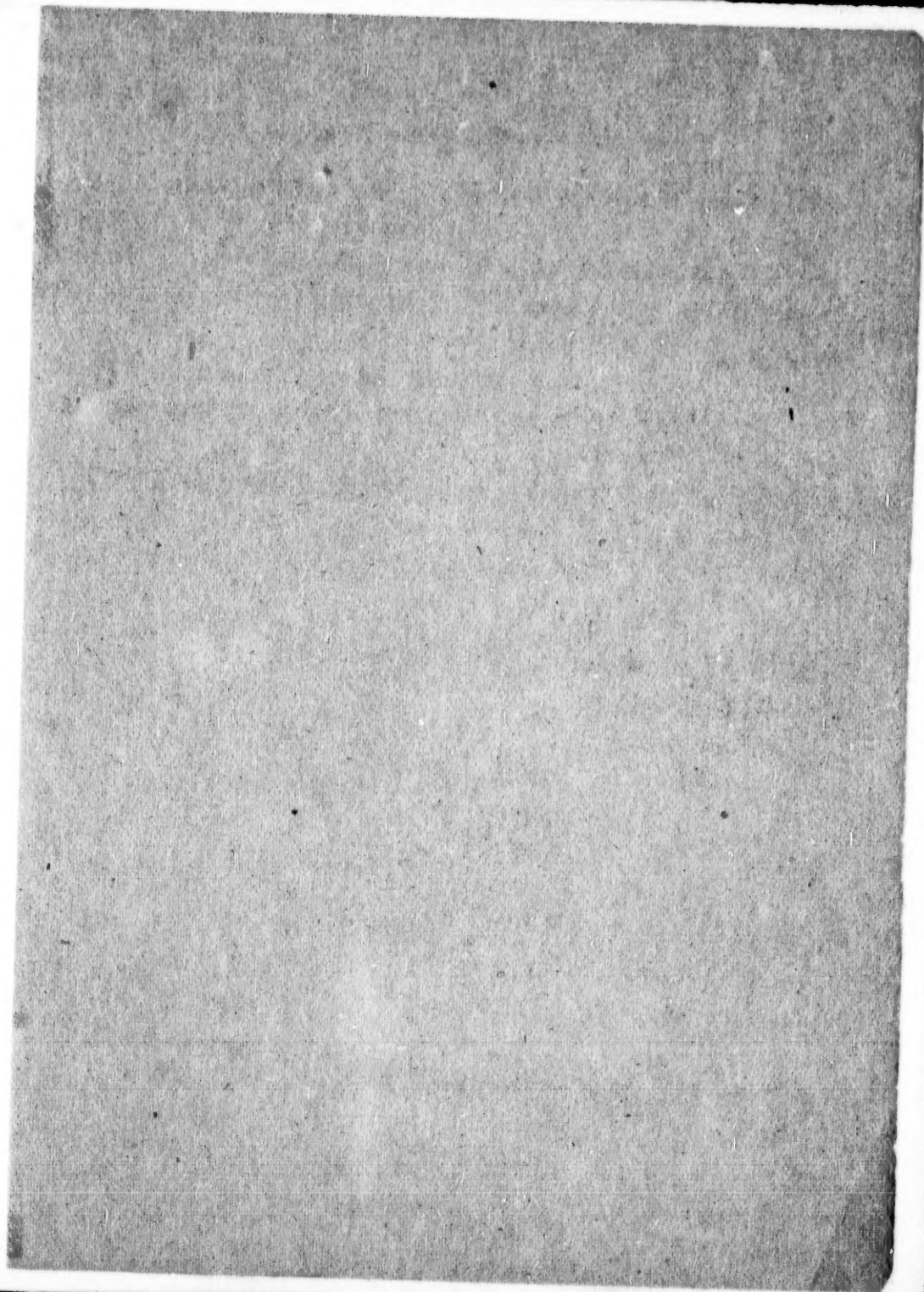
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